

DIALOG IN THE GOLDEN AGE (With Memo)

-How's Jeanette?

-Exhausted. Uh, how do you think it went?

-Nice. Pasta, Pastry, Chardonnay. How can I beat it?

-YOU! I'm not worried about you. YOU don't promote anybody!

-The Big Man? He...who can ever tell? One or two growls.

-And the Power Behind the Groan?

-Clever! Well, clever enough for us. She was Diarrhea Mouth all night as usual.

-But she liked the fluffy pasta. Jeanette spent hours in the kitchen before, and then about seven pans--something about driving off all the water and then, I don't know, throwing all the shit in practically flaming olive oil and then drain...I don't know.

-Too perfect.

-Not really. One pan didn't make it. No fluff. Pasta uninspired.

-Ah hah!

-But she left that one in the kitchen.

-Mistake!

-Mistake?

-Should have brought that one out too. Showed it with humor and rue...or oregano even. Then tried to eat that less-than-wondrous portion herself. Oh I love it! I love it! We all would have insisted on sharing it. It would have even brought the

Big Man out! And Trouble-and-Strife would have lapped it up and

yapped on endlessly! Well, even more endlessly.

-You got me thinking.

-And thus you make of hell a paradise! *Human, we're all human and other ball-itch.* Get the corrosive concept?

-Hmmmmm? But you're...probably kidding. How do I know you're...?

-Things..you see...were...

-Were what?

-Never mind. Well I've got to go and do whatever it is they pay me for, and that doesn't include...

-No! Come on now! Tell me!

-Well, things were just too perfect. No great flaw without art. Perfection? BORING! Well, a word to the wise is insufficient. *Auf Weehawken*, till we meet again, in office, spa, or dining salon. You'll recognize me. I'm the one sleepwalking among all the strivers, affecting superficiality. Fare--whatchacallit?--well.

-Yeah. Well please come again for dinner.

-Wouldn't miss it.

MEMO

TO Janet

FROM \$

SUBJECT futr dinn prtys

MESSAGE brng wrong thngs in! (xpln tnite)